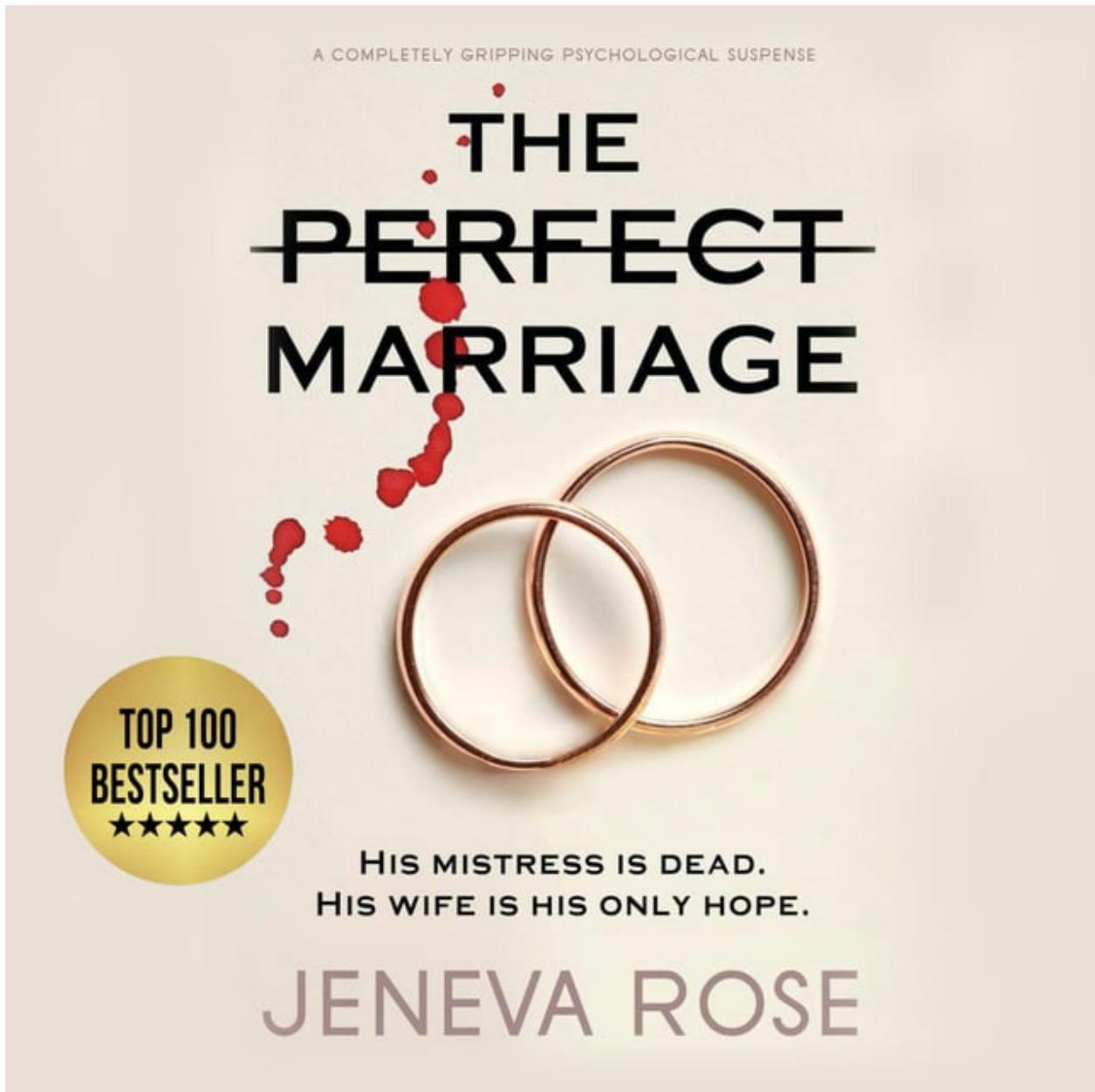


The Perfect Marriage by Greer Hendricks and Sarah Pekkanen



PROLOGUE

Did he love her? He loved the way she looked at him—the way her bottom lip trembled and her foot quaked when she orgasmed. He loved the way

her long chestnut locks fell in front of her doe eyes as she rode him and the way
her slender back curved into a crescent moon when he thrust her from behind.

Did he love her? He loved parts of her. But the question isn't whether or not he loved her. The question is... did he kill her?

SARAH MORGAN

Not again."

The disappointment in his voice fills the room and hangs there like

a light fog, clouding us from one another. I take in a deep breath, removing the

haze, and let it out just as quickly, clearing the path back between us. I don't

need to look at him to know his eyes are disheartened and his lips are pressed

firmly together. I don't blame him. I've disappointed Adam again. I run my

hands over my golden blond hair taming any flyaways. It's wrapped tightly in a

perfect bun. It's always wrapped tightly in a perfect bun. I slide a white blazer

over an emerald-green blouse and straighten out my pencil skirt. My eyes meet his, locking us back into place.

“I’m sorry.” I tilt my head down, avoiding his gaze to lure him toward me.

He takes the bait, walking to me, his six-foot-two stature towering over my petite body. He puts his hand to my cheek, lifts my chin, and kisses me softly on the lips. Every hair raises on my body. After ten years of marriage, Adam still does that for me. After ten years of marriage, I still do that for him—disappoint, I mean.

“We were supposed to leave for the lake house yesterday. You said you’d be able to today.”

I break our embrace and begin packing up my briefcase, my sense of responsibility outweighing my levels of sentiment. “I know, I know. It’s just I have so much work to do and a huge closing statement to prepare for.”

Adam walks to the door frame of our master bedroom and leans against it.

He folds his arms in front of his chest. There’s nothing more that I want at this moment than to be wrapped up in his arms rather than wrapped up in a messy court case, but there are some things even I can’t control.

“You always have so much work to do. There’s always a big case you’re working on.” He narrows his eyes at me playfully but in a somewhat accusing way, as if I were now on trial.

“Someone has to pay the bills.” I give a small smile. That lands. He shakes his head so slightly I almost don’t notice it, but I need to acknowledge it. I place my hands on his shoulders. He pretends he won’t lean down to meet my lips, but I know he will. He can’t resist me, just like I can’t resist him.

He smiles, but his game of tug-of-war only lasts a few seconds before his body bends toward me. Our lips meet again—this time more passionate. This time our mouths spread, our tongues swirl, his hands run up and down my back.

I consider calling it all off at that moment. I’ll quit the firm. We’ll sell this house, and we’ll move to our lake house in Virginia, just the two of us running hand in hand into our own fairy tale.

But reality sets back in.

“I have to go,” I whisper into his ear as I pull away. I’m always the first to

pull away. Someday, we'll be everything I always knew we would be but someday isn't today.

"But it's our tenth anniversary tomorrow." He frowns. He still has the boyish charm I fell in love with, and it would be annoying if I weren't also smitten by it.

"I'm going to try to make it there tomorrow." I take a step back from him, surveying his disappointed face, the damage I've done. He lets out a huff. "After ten years, you'd think I'd be used to you doing this... but I'm not." Adam rubs his chin as if he's contemplating what he'll say next. "I'm just really fed up with it, Sarah." He lowers his head and shakes it.

I close the space between us and bury my face into his chest. "I'm sorry. I know I've disappointed you. But regardless, after this case is over, I'm taking a week off work. I've already talked to Kent." I look up at him with doe eyes, hoping he'll be happy with this news.

He lets on a small smile. "Is this a real promise or a Sarah promise?"

I lightly pat his chest. "Oh, stop."

He grabs my hands and pulls me in for another kiss. "I'll stop when you

stop.” He smirks. I kiss him again.

“Oh, I almost forgot.” From the closet I pull out a small wrapped box and present my gift to him. “I got you something.”

He looks at it and then at me. “You shouldn’t have,” he says taking the perfectly wrapped present. We had agreed after our fifth anniversary, we weren’t going to do gifts anymore, but I couldn’t help myself. I know I’ve been neglectful, but this was my small way of making it up to him. He pauses for a moment and then carefully unwraps the gift. He lifts the box open unveiling a Patek Philippe grand complication watch with alligator band and a gold face.

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